THE

COURT BROKER:

A

DESCRIPTION

OF AN

ANTI-PATRIOT:

In a Conference between

Sir Thomas Gresham's Statue,

In the Royal Exchange;

AND ITS

NEAR NEIGHBOUR.

LONDON:

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The COURT-BROKER, A De
ſcription of an ANTI-PATRIOT
In a Conference between Sir
Thomas Greſham's Statue, in the
Royal Exchange, and its *New*
Neighbour.

SILENCE ye Cits, let Patriots be dumb;
Perſift your Anti-Courtier now to ſome,
Who vows no Monarch ſhall your Rights invade,
And ſtands the watchful Dragon of your Trade;
Like that who kept Heſperian Fruit of old,
And watch'd the Tree, becauſe the Apple's Gold.

Whe

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When Robert ravag'd thus our modern Guard,
Stood constant Centry, and held Watch and Ward,
Seem'd, as he now does, Honours to despise,
A Foe inveterate to all Excise;
Cou'd vote against Conventions made with Spain,
And said a standing Army was our Bane,
Whole Hours his Voice St. Stephen's Dome has shook,
And Placemen sate, and trembled as he spoke,
Oft has he thunder'd in the People's Ears,
His own Resentments to augment their Fears:
Fair Liberty and Trade was all his Cry,
"Who shall defend 'em?--That, says, he, will I.
He join'd th' Enquiry when with one Consent,
The Commons wou'd have made poor [illegible] relent.
All this and more he did, 'till common Fame,
Taught Echo to repeat the Patriot's Name,
'Till Pelham came, like Hercules, at last,
And with a Potion set this Dragon fast.
Bath had an Earldom to content his Wife,
And Onslow now sleeps quite free from Strife,
Ev'n Cotton for two Years hath nothing spoke;
And the Broad-Bottom is entirely broke.
Honours are shed on all the Party round,
And new-made Peers in borrow'd Robes abound;
So thick they swarm, that any one wou'd think,
Fortune gave Favours like a Slut in Drink.
Ermine and Coronets were hurl'd about,
And Titles were confer'd without a Thought:
Sir John accepts of none, but lilly waits,
To barter Int'rest, and to buy Estates:
Of this He's Need, or else he's much belyed--
Ask Co-sett n, if he is QUALIFY'D!

However

However see th' Effect of close Disguise;
Infatuation make a Statue rise.

Statues were first for Publick Good design'd,
To shew th'Esteem and Value of Mankind;
To keep in Memory the virtuous Man,
Who for his Country form'd some perfect Plan;
That the wise Statesman might to Ages live,
When Years and Time no longer Life wou'd give.
Hence rose the Patriot carv'd on Parian Stone,
The Semblance like, tho' the good Man was gone;
Hence shone the Warrior cast in burnish'd Brass,
With threatning Brow denoting what he was.
The Grecian States their Heroes thus rever'd,
And a whole Hundred to Demetrius rear'd.
But 'ere he died the idle Cheat was known,
Publick Resentment quikly pull'd 'em down.
So shou'd false Patriots fall a Sacrifice,
Where Clamour, not true Merit, made 'em rise,
When Men by Falshood wriggle into Fame,
Their Statues stand as Blocks to mark their Shame.
A private Pique may public Virtue seem,
As Men sometimes talk Sense when in a Dream;
Why shou'd the Test Act ever be repeal'd,
Whilst Conscience truckles, and can keep conceal'd?
Dissenters have deny'd their Faith and Sect,
At Hick's Hall a Jury to direct;
And all their Spleen against the Church wou'd cease
To be but dubb'd a Justice of the Peace.
In this fam'd City once a pious May'r
Carried his Mace to Paul's at Morning Pray'r,

An

And in the Afternoon, expos'd to View,
'Twas plac'd beside a Conventicle Pew.
Sir John (who never had that Title bore,
Had he the Quaker's Coat and Neckcloth wore)
Wisely foreboding Honour in his Breast,
Quitted their Plainness to be Sable-dress'd;
The Saints of Grace Church-Street, and at the Peel
Too much the Loss of such a Speaker feel:
How wou'd that Voice the Females Souls have charm'd
That has so oft the slumb'ring Senate warm'd?
Debates had then but Quakers Speeches been,
And that were still'd true Grace, which was but Spleen.
Naylor and Fox might have inspir'd the Tongue,
Which has so oft attack'd haranguing Y-ngs;
But HE the safer Magistracy chose,
The Arts by which the quondam Tremblers rose;
Forsook the Gall'ry where the Speakers sit,
On Hustings, to expose his Sense and Wit;
And by integrity and Honour known,
Deceive the Liv'ry and cajole the Gown.
The Lion's Skin cou'd not the Beast conceal,
His Braying did his Character reveal;
Nor can the Chain, or the rich furr'd Outside,
The formal Cant and inward Quaker hide.
Disguise a-while may blind the giddy Croud,
And some be Patriots deem'd because they're proud;
But Ostentation pulls their Honours down,
True Merit adds the Value to the Stone.
Where Kings are proud to have their Statues plac'd,
Gresham adorns the Pile his Genius rais'd,
True Friend to Trade, by Commerce he improv'd
The Nation's Credit, and the Arts he lov'd;

Brought

Brought Riches home from ev'ry foreign Shore,
And England glutted with all India's Store:
For this his Countrymen adore his Name,
And raise a grateful Statue to his Fame;
His Genius hov'ring round his awful Bust
Views B.--d's mimic Likeness with Disgust,
As an Intruder on the lofty Dome,
Which he design'd to emulate old Rome;
With Indignation at his Rival struck,
He thus addresses th'inferior Block.

Gr.] Shall Stockjobbers with legal Traders vie,
Or Underwriters Merchants all defy?
What glorious Deeds, O [illegible]hall thou done,
That they shou'd set thee glaring there in Stone?
All's Ostentation, Vanity and Pride,
Puffing and Shew, a Tinsel meer Outside:
What caus'd the Stir when first with Spleen and R[illegible]
You strove the Alley Jobbers to engage?
The Brokers Bill you urg'd with all your Might.
To hinder them, that you might underwrite.
And where's the Diff'rence, tell me awful Sir,
T'insure a foreign Ship, or Stocks trasfer?
By this you aid your Foes; the French when took,
Not hurt, to you for their Insurance look:
Loudly you mov'd at first the War 'gainst Spain,
Yet thus in Secret still their Trade maintain;
What can your Ororory all avail,
When thus your private Practice turns the Scale?
The Sentiments you in the Senate boast,
Before you reach the City, all are lost:

Here you against Oppreſſion cry aloud,
And with Harangues amuſe the gaping Croud,
Tell them the CITY's Rights you will protect,
And all their Councils for the beſt direct;
But, cloſeted at Court, You this forget,
And turn a fawning Sycophant complete.

Is this I glory that the public Spirit
Here placed me, conſcious of my innate Merit,
The due Reward of Virtue after Death,
More than the puffing Praiſe of Porter's Breath.

B.] Public Applauſe is ſure the Teſt of Fame;
For thus the Vulgar halloo out my Name,
On ev'ry Lord May'r's Day my Coach ſurround,
And Jews at Jonathan's my Praiſe reſound.
My ſteady Virtue in my Country's Cauſe,
My firm Adherence to her penal Laws,
Firſt rais'd me up; by this I gained the Chair,
For this they choſe me as a Patriot Mayor.

Gr.] And how theſe Hopes were anſwered is well known.
Your gen'rous Spirit put ſome Gin-ſhops down; [known
The Terror of all Cheaters Shops You reigned,
But not one Priv'lege for the City gained:
Nor could Your boaſted VViſdom once deſery,
What purblind P-rry found with half an Eye:
Tis true You cruſh'd the Play at Goodman's Fields,
But ſuffer'd Balls, and Concerts, and the VVells;
As if a moral Drama were a Sin,
And Dancing Drinking VVhoring Nothing in.

B.] Bold is th' Attempt to ſtem the Torrent Vice.

VVhen on our Actions thus You criticise.
Does not the gen'ral Voice proclaim my VVorth,
And by this Statue fet my Virtues forth;
Raiſed whilſt I'm living, which with Pride I view?
Your's they mounted when You nothing knew:
VVhat Pleaſure can ſuch After-hours bring?
I look and think myſelf the City's King.
You a poor Merchant who once built a Change,
And Me a Lord at large therein to range--
--Such grinning Honour, as my Name-ſake ſays,
I like not; give me Gain and living Praiſe.

The End of the Firſt Part.

The Second Part of

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Gr. *Reflect with Horror on your Conduct past,*
When like a Snake your outward Skin you cast,
We know what by your false bad Scheme was made,
And how you bullied down for Three per Cent.
Tenacious to the last your Point you held,
And still perfisted, tho' you were repell'd.
'Twere Pity but the Widows, you'd betray'd,
Had join'd and roll'd you in your native Dirt.

B.] *My Scheme was good, Fools would not understand,*
And so deny'd a Blessing to the Land.
Such Murmurs rise, as from Caterpillars crawl,
'Tis fit that Insects should feed, while others spread.

Gr.] *It is with Justice that Fools will folly find,*
And when the Rats begin, the wiser Vermin mind.
Plung'd in Debt who then could discover you,
'Tis better far to wade the Current slow,
Applauding Fools perhaps may think you brave,
And great you are in your Imagination,
But think how vain is popular Applause,
A Stream that on the Surface bears but Scums,
If you confer why or what's the Cause,
Down to the Bottom Triumphative Diamonds sink,
'Tis hither you've found Bladders swim.

Beware

Beware, Beware, there comes a threat'ning Storm,
All is not Gold that glisters, nor a Noise
Or long Oration, makes a Patriot Voice:
When Orf'rd was attack'd what did you then,
Him whom you'd often made the worst of Men;
The City trusted you, and thought you wise,
But you forgot the Shock of the Excise.
That Dread of Trade; and not one single Word
Can'd you against your Enemy afford;
Yet to their Int'rest you're attach'd, you cry,
And for their servile Votes on that rely.

The Opposition o'er, and R-b-rt gone,
The Mask is left, and your plain Visage shewn.
What he by all his Art can'd ne'er obtain,
More crafty Pulteney in one Year can'd gain.
Pride taught you Patriotism; give you Pow'r—
And that false Pride at last has brought you o'er;
He knew the Doctrine with your Milk imbib'd.
Quakers are out by Titles to be brib'd;
But shake the Purse, and they like Horses come,
As to the Corn-bag bridled and led home.
Money 'tis said the Sinews is of War,
And Ministers that Sinew must prepare:
Their Arts may fail, a broker must be found;
Who can discreetly drain our Purses round;
And who more Proper for the dirty work
Than one who jobs for Christian, Jew, or Turk;
Doubtless you in the Public Plunder shar'd,
Or was its Virtue still its own Reward?

Six Millions are a Trifle, tho' your Scheme,
At Four per Cent. ſeems drove to an Extreme;
When good Eliza reign'd ſhe did not ſo;
Ask honeſt Walſingham; he out to know:
By Dint of Trade we ſtrove t'enrich the Iſle,
And not our Fellow Subjects to beguile.

B.] How idle is your Speech?---I only ſtrove
My hearty Steadineſs and Zeal to prove;
By this at once my Conſequence I ſhew,
And let the Courtiers know what I can do.
Alike to Miniſters and Cits a Friend,
Both on my ſingle Aid alone depend;
Firmly the City's Rights I have maintain'd,
Nor once in that by Calumny been ſtain'd.

Gr.] Silence vain Boaſter? ſpite of all Your Art,
Boldly let me this honeſt Truth impar;
You never did a real ſolid Good
Since in the City's Grace ſo high your ſtood.
Why mourns the Tradeſman when by Duns oppreſt,
In empty Shop he ſtrikes his penſive Breaſt,
And ſees the Hawker paſſing by his Door,
Ev'n to his Teeth expoſe his peddling Store;
The Refuſe of Duke's Place ſhall thrive again,
And Foreigners grow fat with Engliſh Gain;
Shall Iſrael's Outcaſts thus our Laws obtuſe?
They pay no Taxes, and they've Nought to loſe;
Yet the Retailer muſt not dare to ſpeak,
Tho' he ſcarce takes a Shilling in a Week.

This

This has been done. Yet You no Power exert
To scourge these VVretches as Your just Desert;
But, urg'd by Your Electors, skulk behind,
And in Excuse a poor Evasion find.
What Liberties have Freemen, when a Jew
Shall in the City's Heart his Trade pursue?
Or with a walking Shop, scarce worth Five Pound,
Ev'n at th'Exchange shall deal his Trinkets round?

When S-l-r, with just Indignation mov'd,
This growing Evil honestly reprov'd;
So far from joining in the gen'ral Cause
To ease the Vagrants you broke thro' the Laws.
By this you him insulted, and to boot
Trampled the City Trophies under Foot.
When call'd upon to answer this Offence,
What cou'd you say, where then was fled your Sense?

Yet even this you brav'd, and in your Pride
Ne'er to Elector in due Form apply'd,
By Jonas challeng'd, poorly slunk away,
Afraid to stand the Roasting of that Day:
Some had Integrity and Honour too,
But pray to recommend you, what had you?
Why join'd with them to scorn the Rabble Rout,
And sent your Friends to puff your Praise about?

Fall

False Fame a while may [illegible] a rotten Cause,
And canting Modesty [illegible] draw,
Who hurts us most the Man whose paid De-
(fence,

Pretences subverts, as he that undermines.
Disguise may for a Moment shift the Scene,
But Facts will tell what such Deceptions mean.
No more than aim to be a Patriot thought,
But study who is to be sold and bought.
Plod on Slave like, and find some new Pretence,
To raise more Millions and feather the Pence.
Scorn'd by the Court and the Country as well,
Like Mah'met's Coffin hang [illegible] H——n and
(H-ll

Those who subscrib'd that Stately Block to
(raise,
Have wrong'd your Face, and scandaliz'd the
(Base;

An artful Janus shou'd at Top appear,
The Bottom shou'd this just Inscription bear:
"To fam'd Sir [illegible] this Statue we erect,
"Who talk'd of Trade, but ne'er would Trade
(protect;
"No Place at Court cou'd suit his mighty Soul,
"Yet privately he'd be a Statesman's Tool.

Sometime

« Sometimes he v-ted in the People's Caufe,
« And unbelieving Priefts a hard Aſſault
« Preach'd in the Cit, Temple at the Court;
« The Mob's fond Fool, Politicians Sport;
« For this and Flattry here inſcrib'd his Nam
« Judge Reader, if for Honour, or for Shame

Imas [illegible]

FINIS.